A DELECTABLE LITTLE HISTORY IN METRE:

Of a Lord and his three Sons, containing his Latter-will and Legacy to them upon his death-bed, and what befell them after his death, especially the midmost and the youngest.

Revised, Corrected, and amended, for the use of Schools,

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

He gotten has all commendation,
Who profite has with pleasure mixt in one,

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A Delectable little HISTORY IN METRE:

Of a Lord and his three Sons, containing his Latter-will and Legacy to them upon his death-bed, and what befell them after his death, especially the midmost and the youngest.

HEar auditors a noble tale,
This writing shews it wondrous well;
And as mine author does record,
Vpon a time there was a Lord
Of high renown, and far more of degree,
Had no bairns but only sons three.
This noble Lord of high parentage
Throw cruel sickness he died of age;
At th'end of his life near hand by,
This Lord on death-bed could he ly.
This noble Lord withoutten mair,
Said fetch to me my son and heir:
Who came to him right hastilie,
And halsed him right reverentlie.
He said dear father, how do ye?
What man of craft thinks thou to be?
The child answered his father till,
What ye command I shall fulfil;
And here I make a most great vow,
That to your bidding I shall bow.
The Lord answer'd his son theretil,
My broad bennison I leave thee still,
And all my lands after my days,
The Lord unto his son he says:

With

With heart and mouth to him did say,
A rig I will not put away,
Be meek and good, and on the poor do rew,
And to the King see thou be ever true,
Devout to God with true humilitie,
And without doubt the great God will defend thee.
Keep honour, faith, and thy lawtie,
And my broad benmison I leave thee.
Strive thou thy life for to amend,
God will give thee a blessed end.
Thy midmost brother thou send to me,
That I may counsel him truelie.
The midmost brother was near hand by,
Came to his father right speedily;
And halsit him right reverently,
He said father now how do ye?
He said my son, as pleases God,
For here I have not long abode.
What have ye left me that ye will give?
How think ye father that I should live?
I am your son as well as he,
Ye might have left some part to me.
His father said, I'le not permit
Thee of my lands to brook a bit:
The eldest brother shall them brook,
I would he thee in service took:
Serve him with all the craft thou can,
He shall thee hold a gentleman,
Both in horse, cloathing and in gear,
The son said not I here do swear:
Serve him, wherefore? or yet for why?
He is your son, and so am I.
I'le not him serve though he were wood,
Fellow right fain is wondrous good.
At him I think nothing to crave,
My part of land I think to have:
And all that will take part with me
Either in part or privitie.
The Lord answer'd thou ne'r was wise,
Thou mayst not come to such a prise,
Strive not to that thou has no right,

And to debate thou has no might,
Yet for I think thee not to tine,
Take thou that purse both good and fine.
It hath a vertue I let thee wit,
As oft thou puts thy hand in it,
A Ducat of Gold thou shalt find there,
Take forth, and thou shalt spend the mair;
Then thou may be a man of might,
The young man leugh and went out right,
And of the purse he was right fain,
When he his brother meets on the plain,
He says, brother, thou stays too long,
Go thou in time for fear of wrong;
For I have here into mine hand,
That's worth an Earldom of land.
What our father had far or near,
All is disponed both land and gear.
The youngest said, I care not by,
My fathers life rather had I,
Nor all the land and gear alway,
Betwixt the heaven & earth this day.
Sore sick is he, and wondrous woe,
That thou art thus so far him fro,
God grant me his benniſon ere he die
He ran to him right haſtilie,
And halſit him right reverentlie,
And ſaid, father, how do ye?
Right ſick, and feeble, and like to die,
My death draws near, as thou may ſee.
He ſays, my ſon, come near and hear,
Give me thy heart my ſon ſo dear.
The ſame bleſſing I leave to thee,
That Chriſt left unto mild *Marie*.
Son, I can leave thee no more here,
All is diſpon'd both land and gear.
What man of craft thinks thou to be?
A Clark to learn till that I die.
I you beſeech my father in haſte,
My eldeſt brother ye would requeſt,
To find me books and alſo claiſe,
That I may learn my God to pleaſe,

The

The Lord answered him right until,
My eldest son shall that fulfil;
For I perceive well by thy face,
That thou art born to meikle grace.
But son, I think thee not to tyne,
Take thou that mantle good & fine,
Its better to thee than gold or land;
The vertue none does understand.
Cast it about thee when ever thou will
And thir words say the mantle until,
God, and my mantle, and my wish,
If I were in the place where ever it is,
Where ever thou wishes for to be,
Thou shalt be there right speedilie:
Were it a thousand miles and mair,
Into a clap thou shalt be there:
Past with my blessing I leave thee it,
To God I recommend my spirit.
When he was dead and laid in bear,
Of his sons guiding ye shall hear.
The eldest was a noble Lord,
Keeped his lands in good concord;
The youngest son keeped the Shool,
The midmost brother play'd the fool,
The purse made him so high and nice,
He set his brother at little price.
He grew so proud and wanton than,
That he misknew both God and man:
He had moe men at his command,
Nor had the Lord that aught the land.
He was so wanton of gold and treasure,
Defiled women above measure.
While it fell once upon a day,
In uncouth land he would assay,
Fair women for pleasure to fang.
In his countrie he thoght so lang.
No stay for him, he made travail,
That he saw ships dreft for to sail;
Syne went to sail with his meinzie,
Till he came to a far countrie:
They sailed the day, they sailed the night,
Till of a land they got a sight,

The

The whilk was called fair *Portugal*,
There they landed withoutten fail,
And all his meinzie at his back,
Ready him ſervice for to make.
The King he had a daughter fair,
Had no more bairns, ſhe was his heir,
He marvel'd who durſt be ſo bold,
That in his countrie enter would,
Withoutten ſeeking any leave,
The whilk thing did the King much grieve:
I will paſs to him (ſays he) and ſpeir,
Why they are come, I will require.
If they be noble men of blood,
They will give me an anſwer good:
Yet at that time he did not paſs,
But change another that readier was,
Bade his daughter go on her way,
Bring him ſure word what ever they ſay.
She paſſed quicklie thorow the ſtreet,
And with the young man could she meet;
He haſt her right reverentlie,
Syne kneeled low down on his knee:
And ſaid, Princeſs, I you beſeek,
As ye are maiden mild and meek,
That ye would grant me and my men,
Here to remain nine weeks or ten,
Mine own goods here anlie to ſpend,
Till we ſee farder ere we wend,
And afterward you ſervice make,
With heart and hand if ye will take:
She ſays right welcome ſhal ye be,
Both to my father and to me:
Paſs throw the countrie as ye think beſt,
And ſpend your goods while they may laſt.
She called a Squire of great renown,
Go convoy them out throw the town,
And ſwa departed she and he,
Both blyth and glad, as they might be.
Swa long as they bade in the town,
When it was time they made them bown,
Spend and, and waſtand varie faſt,

Till so it chanced at the last,
The King himself great marvel had
That coinzie show him if he wad:
Where that he got that kind of gold
That such like was not on the mould.
He spended so both late and air,
His gold that was pleasant and fair.
Ilk piece thereof he had in hand,
Did weigh two Duckats I understand.
The King himself was not so fed,
Nor yet so coinzie like beckd:
As was that man of great renown,
While he remained in the town.
And yet I never saw his maik,
For all his gold was of one straik;
He got none of it, I understand,
Sen he came first into this land.
Where could he get that kind of gold,
That he spends so upon the mold?
Sen he came here, what he has spended?
And what he has it is not ended.
Right so anent the Ladie fair,
Who was the Kings daughter and heir,
She trow'd he was some Prince or King,
Was now come to her in wooing.
He was but a bairnlie young man,
That could not speak his own errand.
She went to him right hastilie,
Requested him right reverentlie,
He would come in her fathers yett,
That better treatment he might get;
And in his companie bring not ane,
So blyth he was of that tydane:
He came in haste at her command,
Syne reverentlie he did demand
When he came there within the yett,
The Kings daughter then with him met;
He kneeled low down on his knee,
And gave great thanks to the Ladie:
Likewise the Ladie thanks him gave;
Syne asked at him what he would have,

My asking here is not as now,
My mind thereafter I will tell you,
Wherefore and why that I came here,
The matter and purpose I shal clear.
Askon (Madam) what is your will?
To do you pleasure I shal fulfill,
Saving my honour and my life,
To fight with spear, with Sword, or knife,
In credit, wealth, or yet favour,
All shall be whole at your pleasure.
When speech was ended as ye may see,
She took him up right reverentlie,
And said to him right secretlie,
Sir will ye stay a little with me,
Till that ye drink and drink again,
Sua long as we do here remain,
It shall you not at all displease,
Sit down beside it will you ease;
Where love has its habitation,
Betwixt two it breeds consolation,
She cry'd for wine and to him drank,
He said (Madam) here I you thank,
Caused serve him with dainty chear,
And said Sir ye are welcome here;
Then quietlie she to him said,
Whereof himself was no ways glad:
Saying to him, me thinks ye be,
Who now is come to this countrie,
Me for to woo, or for to geck,
In your own errand cannot speak,
For as long here as ye have spended,
I marvel that your gold's not ended:
He says (Ladie) I am no King,
Nor has great lands in governing:
But if ye will grant my asking,
I will give you a precious thing,
The vertue thereof no man does ken,
From this part to the worlds end,
Wilt thou my true for ever be,
And make a vow but to love me,
And be my dear till that I live,

Nor

Nor yet my perſon for to grieve,
The vertue of this I ſhall declare,
Where that I got this gold and mair
And how that I may daily ſpend?
And how this gold will never make end?
Quoth ſhe, dear welcome mot ye be,
Sua long as your lafts truelie
I ſhall be yours, ye ſhall be mine,
More dearer than Prince *Florentine*:
I ſwear to you my plight trulie,
And ever ſhall till that I die:
Sua that ye bear the like to me,
That I ſhall do right faithfullie,
And if ye keep your privitie,
You perfect truth plight unto me,
And your intent ſhall have of me,
Sua ye obſerve it honeſtlie.
And ſo thir two gave other their hand
To this agreement true to ſtand,
Both faith and truth to her did give,
Syne kiſſed her with her own leave.
At length the purſe ſhewed with his hand,
Said to her will ye underſtand,
This ſamine Purſe I let you wit,
As oft as you put your hand in it,
A Duckat of gold you ſhall find there,
Take forth and ye ſhall find the mair.
The Ladie perceived that it was ſwa,
The Purſe to hes ſoon can ſhe ta,
They kiſſed other a good ſpace there,
What other pleaſures they had mair.
That he chanced upon a ſleep,
The Ladie perceived and had good keep,
And privilie ſhe paſt away,
Let him ly there while it was day;
While it was day and after one,
Wakened belyve and made great moan,
None with him but himſelf alone,
Right ſad in heart, and woe begone,
And he left there the Ladie gent,
Then to his lodging ſoon he went,

While

While on the morn in the morning,
Sorrow and care in his sojourning.
He loked about and astonisht stood,
And marvelled as he were wood,
Saying to himself, what have I done?
The great God knows that is aboon.
Sua he perceived the purse away,
Says woe is me, and harm say,
Alas, alas, what shall I do?
Or what airt shall I turn me to?
Sent back his boy her to seek,
Beseek and the Ladie both mild and meek,
To lend him his purse bedeen,
That he left in her chamber yestreen.
Sun soon then as the boy came nie,
He kneeled low down on his knee,
And says, Lady, God mot you save,
Of you I mast good answer have:
My Master has sent me you till,
Beseek and you of your gour good will,
Of your good will and charine,
A good answer ye grant to me,
Wherein shall I thee answer give?
Or if thou says ought me to grieve?
Said, what is it thou comes to crave?
Or what is here that thou would have?
Send to my Master his purse bedeen,
That he left in your Chamber yestreen.
The Lady did start, the Lady lo,
And ilk hand on another did clap:
Swelch by thee traitour out of my sight,
Command thy Master in all his might,
That he pack out of this countrie,
Or I vow hee's be hanged hie.
I had rather hang him on a pin,
Or he come near my chamber within.
I shall gar heng him on a knagg,
If he speak either of purse or bagg.
The boy in haste sped him away,
Sped him right soon, made no delay:
His master to the Lady said,

Whereof

Whereof his master was not glad,
Commanded his master for to wend:
Syne charged him and all his men,
To pass in haste off that countrie,
Or else he would be hanged hie.
And since that he was charged so,
Of that his master was full wo.
Little spending was left himself,
Right as the storie doth us tell.
Thus in a morning forth he,
While he came to a far countrie;
Of his own life began to irk.
For he could neither beg nor wirk.
On no ways could he beg nor steal,
Though he was poor he was right leil.
So it fell on a dangerous year,
That meat and drink, and all was dear:
He was so hungry, and put to pyne,
That he was fain for to keep fwyne;
In all the land, as I heard tell,
There was but very little victel.
He kept the swine, I leave him still,
And of the youngest speak we will.
Who kept the School, a noble Clark.
And of him farder we will carp.
He was a goodly man and wise,
It chanced he did get the prise.
The Pope of *Rome* he happened to be,
The Cardinals wrote to ilk countrie:
Charging them all on good Friday,
At midnight for to watch and pray,
And send to *Rome* the holiest man,
That the Lord God best may or can,
That God would to the Chapter send
On Good-friday or it did end.
Both doors and windows closed fast,
Syne home incontinent they past,
And sealed the locks with their own hand,
And gave the keys to the Lord of the land.
The Clark was blyth when he got wit,
His bonny mantle he hint to it;

Says

Says, God, and my mantle, and my wish,
If I were in the place where ever it is,
In *Romes* seat if I were set,
Soon was he there without ten let,
Into their seat when he came in,
He hint his mantle then fra him,
And syne sat down upon his knee,
And to the great God prayed he.
Soon after meat on Good-friday,
Lords, Barons came without delay,
And opened the Chapter with a gin,
Into the seat when he came in,
They said a Clerk was there sittand
On both his knees full fast prayand.
They thanked God both less and mair
So holy a Clerk who sent them there,
Who was sent by the Holy Sp'rit,
For to be Pope he was most meet.
Syne with that word they gave him doom,
And crowned him the Pope of *Rome*:
And all the Bells of *Rome* they rang,
Priests and Friers all they sang.
So daily ilk an with a shout,
They boor him all the town about,
And set him down upon his seat:
All men of him had great conceit,
Now Pope of *Rome* we leave him still,
And of the midmost speak we will.
When that came within the town,
To enter in he was most bown;
He told his brother both less and mair,
Spoiled of all he was most bair.
His brother was from far countrie,
He marvel'd of him to hear and see,
Into the woods among his fae's,
Hes left him neither gold nor clais.
The Procession was charged him to meet,
With all solemnities compleat,
With honour great, and good intent,
They were all readie incontinent,
Fast throw the whole parts of the street,

The

The Popes brother there to meet.
As soon as he his brother saw,
Great pleasure was among them aw,
Syne took his brother by the hand,
So did they all at his command:
Syne said brother welcome to me,
Ye shall want neither meat nor fee,
And a new cleithing ye shall take,
My Master-household I shall you make:
And I avow to my ending,
I shall you love attour all thing.
He says, dear brother, God you reward,
Now have ye made me Lord and Laird,
A Lord of office ye have me made,
And likewise promist fair lands braid.
He had not been a moneth there,
While he thought on his Ladie fair,
And thought to win the purse again,
And to his Ladie do no pain,
That his purse fra him once had tane.
Vnto the Pope he said again,
Now brother dear I you intreat,
Grant me an asking I think meet;
Then answer'd his brother right reverentlie,
Ask on my brother, what ever it be,
Says brother, lend me your mantle fine,
I swear to you I's not it tyne,
But bring't again after this day,
I no ways shall put it away.
The Pope answer'd with drearie chear,
I had rather give you my brother dear,
A million of gold, als much of land,
Nor lend my mantle out of hand.
As I have said it shall be so,
I no ways will it hold thee fro.
Now keep it well my brother dear,
With that the Pope made drearie chear,
And fra his brother turn'd his back,
Syne took his leave and no more spake:
His brother had his mantle in hand,
Cast it about him where he did stand,

Said

Said, God, and my mantle, and my wish,
If I were in the place where ever it is,
Where ever she be that Lady free,
That took that noble purse from me.
Then be these words came in his thought,
He was into the chamber brought.
She was into her bed sleeping,
And he upon the floor standing;
Laid down his mantle and his wish,
Then he began the Lady to kiss:
First to kiss, and then to clap,
And quietly in the bed he crap.
The Lady wakened with a cry,
Says, who is this that lyes me by?
I pray you tell me the manner;
How came ye in? who brought you here?
Your asking then what ever it be,
Ye shall have it of me trulie.
He says my mantle, and my wish,
If I were in the place where ever it is,
Where I desire, or think to be,
There will I be right hastilie.
She said, sweet Sir, for charitie,
As ye would do any thing for me,
Now wish me and your mantle anone,
Into yon place of Marble stone:
That we may play together there,
And certainly without ony mair,
Be that same word came in his thought,
They were both in the Yle soon brought,
Vnto a green place where they lay,
And unto him there can she say,
Lay down your head upon my knee,
That I may look a little wee:
He needed no ways more bidding,
But suddenly fell on sleeping,
Vpon her knee lay down his head,
Of his mantle he took no dread,
The Lady well perceived that,
Quickly she rose, and the mantle gat;
The mantle she took deliverlie,

And

And wished her self right shortlie,
Into her chamber, and that anon
And in the Yle left him alone,
Sleeping there like a drunken Sow,
Both purse and mantle wants he now,
But at the last then wakened he,
He mist the mantle and the Ladie,
Ye may well wit his heart was fair,
When he mourned and made great care.
My purse and mantle is now both gone,
And in this Yland left alone;
No creature is left with me,
Nor none to bear me company.
Or who will ane meat me give?
Great God of heaven how shal I live?
Much was the care and dule he made,
He rave the hair out of his head.
He stayed not there well days three,
Till he saw ships upon the sea;
They sailed right so near hand by,
While they did hear his voice and cry:
Syne saw him on a craig standand,
A man would fain be at the land,
Cryand to them, that they might see
Help for his sake that dy'd on tree,
Said it was pitie for to see
A man distrest what ever he be,
Upon yon craig mourning full fair,
Right sad in heart, what would ye mair?
The ship came to the craig near hand,
Their language could he not understand:
He knew them not, nor yet they him,
Yet willinglie they took him in.
He syned to them that he would gang,
Showing to them that he thought lang,
He would fain been at *Rome* again,
But with them he dought not remain;
He wanted money, he thought great shame,
He thought he was so long fra hame.
With their Cock boat put him to land,
Where he might see on every hand.

He

He paſſed to a part near by,
For meat or drink if he might try,
Yeid to a wood with heart full fair,
Pleaſant and wholſome was the air;
He ſwoundit ſorrowfully in that ſteed,
That he for hunger was almoſt dead.
He cry'd upon our Ladie dear,
That hunger and thirſt ſtrack him ſo near;
He looked a little near hand by,
A tree of apples he could eſpy.
Right blyth and glad was of that ſight,
He took his fill even as he might,
And ſtepped a ſpace beſide the tree,
And ſaid they were good companie:
Syne ate his fill of that fair fruit,
For him to gang it was no buit:
Becauſe the apples that he did eat,
He fand them taking, and right ſweet,
A ſmell they had above meaſure,
Might pleaſ'd a King or Emperour;
As well for Dames, as mighty Queens;
Was never fairer ſeen with eyne.
I may take apples now with me,
For hunger I think not to die.
He pulled the apples and ate ſo faſt,
And filled himſelf, till at the laſt
He was as lipper as *Lazarus*,
Or any in the world I wiſh.
His head ov'rſpread with byles black,
That none might ken a word heſpake.
Right wiſely then perceived he,
And ſaw fair pears upon a tree,
He pull'd the pears but any baid,
Right gladly ate ere he farder gaid,
Sua leper he was, he would have been
For to have gotten medicine.
The pears he ate the ſtorie does ſay,
Whilk put the leproſie clean away,
He was as clean, the ſtory ſays this,
As anie into the world I wiſs,
With him he carried of apples three ſcore,

Of

Of them ſurelie he took no more,
And twice as manie of the pears he took,
That he took with him, he none forſook.
And if apples made lipperous,
The pears healed moſt precious:
Of both the ſorts with him he had,
All men was welcome, buy who wad.
Thir apples that the man on fell,
Brought him great good I shal you tell.
The apples he carried him about,
A ſtrange vertue they had but doubt:
He carried theſe apples as he did paſs,
And took them where the Ladie was.
Vpon a time to the Kirk he came,
Where he ſaw manie a Ladie and Dame;
And as he ſat in the Kirk yard,
There came about him ſuch a guard,
To buy theſe apples pleaſant and fair,
And manie people he ſaw there.
Vnto the Kirk ſyne could he paſs,
Baid ſtill and ſaw where the Ladie was,
That purſe and mantle fra him had tane,
He thought to do the Ladie much pain,
Thus thinking there as he could gang,
To bring the Ladie into ſuch thrang:
Saying unto himſelf alone,
But kind of fair words ſpake he none:
He wiſt not to whom his moan to make,
He went to Church door a ſeat to take,
And at the Kirk door he ſat down,
Where the Ladie went readie bown:
He knew right well ſhe would be there,
Where that ſhe uſed to make repair.
The apples was ſeemlie to be ſeen,
Men did not ſee ſuch with their een.
There gathered about him a great meinzie,
They wondred meikle the apples to ſee.
How ſell ye the apples they bad him tell,
For ten Duckats the piece I ſell:
Pleaſe you to buy, I will take money.
Stand by if ye will not buy any.

Do not ſtand here my market to ſpill,
I bid none buy but theſe that will.
In the mean time the Ladie was command
Vnto the Kirk with maidens in a band:
She ſtrangelie marvel'd at the repair the ſaw,
And hither-ward then she began to draw;
A maiden anſwered it I ſhall you tell,
A daft fellow it is has apples to ſell;—
They are verie fair and comelie to ſee,
Ten Duckats the piece for them ſeeks he.
The people anſwered call'd him daft man,
As for one apple to ſeek that price than.
It cannot be but they have a vertue,
The Apples right pleaſant has a fair ſhew,
Then forward to the market the Ladie can gang,
To ſee the Apples she thought great lang:
Some of them bought she, it was her pleaſure
To look and to view ſhe took great leaſure
None of them she priev'd till morn afternoon
And for that cauſe she ſped her home ſoon;
And when she came into her fathers hall,
Syne after her maidens ſhortlie did call,
Bring hither the Apples ye bought to me,
For they are fair and ſeemlie to ſee.
She ate of them three, and thought them right dulce,
Till ſhe was as lipper as *Lazarus*:
Her head overſpread with byles black,
That none might hear a word she ſpake:
Syne looked in a glaſs and ſaw her ſelf ſo,
Out of her right wits she was like to go,
Waryand the hour that ever she was born,
She ſaw her ſelf ſo, alas I'm forlorn,
Be that her father came in right at noon,
And cal'd for his daughter to come to him ſoon
Then a maiden anſwered meeklie and ſpake,
Your daughter is vexed with uglie byles black:
I cannot tell you how it fell the caſe,
Be that the blood ſhot into his face.
Her father came ſoon without any baid,
Received his daughter into his arms braid.

Right

Right sore he grat for his daughters skaith,
For she to him comfort & joy brought baith.
He now does say, alas, full wo is me,
Vpon my daughter this sad sight for to see.
She said to her father, my heart is full wo,
Now what shall I do? or whare shall I go?
The King then said, good Lords of grace,
Caule shortlie proclaim into everie place,
If anie there be that her hail might,
My daughter shall them marrie outright.
Then on this counsel the Lords came in by,
Both great and small, and that hastilie.
Throw all *Portugal* both up and down,
Proclaimed throw land and sik borrowstoun;
The Gentleman could well the matter speir,
Right blyth he was these tidings for to hear:
Yet he thought again the Ladie to begnile,
Both purse and mantle to get with a wyle.
Prepared cloaths right seemlie to be seen,
Syne called himself Doctor of Medicine.
This Lord he rode unto the Burrowstoun,
At the best lodging therein he lighted down,
After the hostage incontinent sperit,
Both horse and man after him then requirit.
Spare not for cost, although no Lord I be,
What ever my coun' is shall be pay'd surelie.
They were right glad the tidings that he spake,
Yea man & horse did both him service make.
So past his time com pleat three days there.
The hostage said to him, Sir, what will ye?
A Doctor of Medicine I'm readie at command
There's not in Christendome I say this day
(livand,
Can heal diseases that I will take in hand,
And therefor I will lay my life in pawnd.
The hostage said of leprosie have ye skill?
Yea, I can heal it, and that right wonders well,
Then was he right blyth of that certaintie,
So was there one past from his companie,
And that anone they went and told the King,
That such a man in his bounds was livand,

A fine Doctor, the best in all this land,
No finer is as we now understand.
The King was glad, and his daughter also,
Commands the Porter unto him for to go;
Who made no stay, but came incontinent,
Let me see now where is the patient
That I should hail, and also take the cure,
That shal I do by Gods grace, be ye sure:
Take ye no fear, since I have tane in hand,
God be my guide, he is my sure warrand,
Let no dreadour enter inter into your heart,
I shal her hail before I do depart,
Or lose my life before that I do go,
What I have said, if that it be not so.
When that he came he saw the Ladie stand,
This lipperness will I now take in hand,
Mend her sickness in truth I take no fear,
Because I know the form and the manner
To hail her person both without and in,
And likewise als what fashion to begin.
If ye will keep your promise unto me,
What I have said in faith and truth to be;
What I have sworn I will keep verie well,
What I have said shal testifie my seal:
Nor shal deny the thing that I have said,
Whereof the Doctor was both blyth and glad.
The companie rejoyced all about,
The Kings daughter made hail without doubt.
Fra she heard that rejoyced greatumlie,
Before them came and halsit the companie.
Then she before her father lighted down,
And unto God made her devotion.
That same command she vowed to fulfil,
Without faining of deceit thereintil;
Get up right soon, and rise up off your knee,
Make true confession both to God and me,
And if that ye make your confession leil,
I promise here to make you sound and well.
So she shew forth, and her confession made,
The purse and mantle no ways she opened:
And so these two she keeped still in mind,

Reveal'd

Reveal'd them not, but kept her self in pine;
Caul'd her grow worse into her leprosie,
She said alas, alas, and wo is me,
Now I am worse than ever I was before,
Full wo is me, and wo is me therefore,
The Doctor answer'd, saying I have no might
To help you now, you have not told the right:
I am right sure some things ye have forget,
Hid in your heart, to tell ye will not set:
Out of the world far better I had been,
To kyth my craft, & ye no ways made clean.
The King said, daughter likes thou to be hail,
I thee request make thy confession leal:
And here I pray thee by the great God aboon,
Without dissimulance make thy confession.
A lipper woman again shall never be,
Nor ever vext with such infirmitie.
When I am dead he's be King after me,
Please thou him wed, and married on him be,
If thou desires, it lyis into thy heart,
That thou and he in love be afterwart:
He to be King, and thou the Queen also,
From bail to bless ye may together go.
The daughter said, remain, and now bide still,
And my confession I shall declare ye till.
Now Lord of heav'n thou knows I did receive
A purse and mantle, that wrongously I have:
Whilk I took fra a young man sickerlie,
Who was then once familiar with me;
In Marble Yle I left him mourning sore,
Penaance for him I dree'd the same therefore,
This is the cause that I do wish for him,
Health to my body both without and within.
The Doctor said, thir twa ye cast you fra,
And see that ye forsake the same allwa,
And beseek God where ye are on your knee,
The purse and mantle ye render unto me.
She said, Sir, I beseek with all my will,
The purse and mantle ye freelie take you till,
The gentleman was blyth I understand,
Received them both, & took them in his hand:

The

Then past aside a little the Ladie him fra,
And said these words before he past away,
Now God and my mantle and my wish,
If I were in the place where ever it is
Be this was said incontinent he was there,
And left the Ladie into great dool and care,
Wary and the time that she was ever born,
Into that wretched life thus for to be forlorn,
Thus leave I now the Ladie sick and sair,
And to return to *Rome* I now will fare.
And shew my brother of my great craft & skill
The truth to see, and als to know my will:
How I have done, & what way I have wrought,
The purse & mantle how I again have brought.
Of my coming he will be wondrous blyth,
And als be glad, I pray God make me thrive.
He wold not bide, but went to him right soon,
He said, brother, ye're welcome here to *Rome*.
I have gotten my purse and mantle again,
Brother, he said, of that I am right fain,
She that deceived me both meek and mild,
Is lipper sick, and I have her beguil'd.
Fy now he says, that will our countenance grieve
Keep Gods command, and help for to live:
If thou hes any skill throw help of God & man
Help thou the Lady with all the craft thou can:
Be not unkind, but help with all thy might,
Do her the good thou can both day and night.
If she were whole and seemlie to be seen,
Great commendation bears where she hes been
Right shortlie go, and help her out of pain;
Show love to her who can thee love again.
Do not deny, but grant when thou is here,
And for her sake see that thou to me swear
Thou shal do right, & not thy conscience grieve
But truelie help, and I will thee believe,
Thou's be her husband, syne wed her with a (ring,
And after that unto thy bed her bring:
Syne as a Prince live at thy own liking.
It may befal thereafter thou be King,
To that effect grant writ most hastily, And

And for to pray the King especiallie,
Sayand my brother's a worthie gentleman,
Of medicine full well the craft he can:
All sort of sickness we hear that he can heal,
He leprosie can cure withoutten fail.
We hear ye have a daughter wife and fair,
No moe ye have, we know she is your heir;
I am informd for my brother she is meer,
Betwixt them both mold ye with hand complit
Great pitie is that oughts should now her ail,
I would she were relieved and made hail.
If that ye please, he wed her with a King,
And after that in *Portugal* be King.
The letters then to *Portugal* went right soon,
If this matter betwixt them might be done.
And so conclude, amongst them make a bond,
The cause, & why, how the matter should stand
With their consents, & yonis that it might be,
Betwixt Pope and King this was made sickerlie.
Syne send his brother with letters of parchment
That written was within to stand content,
So at that time the Letters to him gave,
Saying to him my blessing moe ye have:
Go on the way, thou take thir men with thee,
Forsooth they are a goodly companie.
With thee to fare, in ship as ye may sail,
Till that ye come to land in *Portugal*.
I give thee here a million for to spend,
Although thou sail'd unto the worlds end.
When thou art come into the Kings palace,
Show my commission & thanks unto his grace
Syne come again to *Rome*, and show to me
With thy message what the King said to thee,
If his daughter thou hail of her disease,
The famine done my self it shall well please,
Sua the Lady was brought from care to bliss,
And after that she ay remained his:
Syne married her with joy and comforting,
So he gave her rich rubies in a ring;
In midst of it a great jewel there was, (glass,
Shined more bright, nor glittering was the

The

The price of it I heard men right tell,
Was worth the half the kingdom of *Portugal*.
Rich was that *Jewel*, if richer there might be,
The like I hear was not in no countrie,
For preciousness, and vertue that it had,
It was so fine that she thereof was glad.
Content she was to all his bidding,
And him obey'd and pleased in all thing,
With earls, lords, knights, barons comforting,
What wisht she more, she had much rejoicing.
The nobles all that dwelt in her countrie
Were all obedient unto her majestie,
Readie to her service and pleasure,
What she would have of gold & rich treasure,
Brought to her grace abundance of plentie,
Of rich jewels and wonders for to see:
They gave her one that was most worthy all,
The light of it shined on every wall.
For why it was a thing most precious,
Shining within like rubies radious,
And so without, as many one might see
A vertue had, all marvel'd what it could be,
In such a jewel, that all men marvel had
Of what sickness it hailed lass and lad,
So to be short in this my tale I tell (leil,
The famine was, the book shows wondrous
Thir two was marry'd, lived in joy and bliss,
In earthly pleasure no farder could they wish,
They had delights and pleasures manifold,
In earthly things with pleasure that they would.
Of children I hear none was them between,
They wanted not what might them intertain;
At length deceast, no farder can I tell,
But I hope that they in heaven do dwell.

F I N I S.

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